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GONE WITH ANOTHER GIRL.

The eyes may sparkle, the lips may smile,
And misery merriment feign,
The tongue may jest and all the while
The heart feel a bitter pain.

And so it is with the maid to-night—
The maiden fair and young—
Her eyes are bright and her laughter light,
And the jest is on her tongue.

But oh, the maiden's heart makes moan,
And her brain is in a whirl,
For her beau to the skating-rink has gone
To-night with another girl!

—*Boston Courier.*

WHARF LIFE.

The Strange Homes of Italians Under the "Dumps."

Of all the queer and improper places that poverty compels men to inhabit, the homes on the city wharves are the most peculiar, if not the most unpleasant. It will surprise even those who dwell within a few blocks of these city dumps—as the Street-cleaning Bureau's wharves are called—to know that men live in such crowded, unsavory and unlikely quarters, for the fact is not generally known. A recent change in the system of handling the city's refuse has brought about this peculiar state of affairs, and as that was slow in bringing it about the curious homes in question are among the newest of what may be called the curiosities of metropolitan life. The dumps are platforms ten or more feet above the flooring of ordinary piers. An inclined roadway, up which the ash-carts are hauled, leads in each case to the platform and over the edge of the platform the loads of ashes and household refuse are "dumped" upon the scows tethered to the wharf below. Hence the name "dump" or "dumping station" given to these wharves, of which there are fourteen—nine on the east side and five on the west side.

Only Italians will do the work upon the scows. Every other sort of human labor obtainable in the city has been tried and found wanting. Some would not do the work and others could not. The Irishmen, Germans and others were sickened by the effluvia which they could not escape during the journeys out to sea, where the loads are shoveled overboard. Other laborers, poor and desperately in need though they were, threw down their picks and declined to make a second day's trial of the work. This was during a strike two or three years ago, and since then the city has returned to the former method of employing Italian labor, and is not likely to obtain any other. It is understood that the city deals with only one Italian, a contractor, who secures the right to furnish the labor of his countrymen by putting in a lower bid than any one else. The labor here referred to is that of emptying the scows. But they have to be trimmed, as the sailors say, before they are sent to sea; that is, there must be men to shovel the refuse evenly on the deck of the scows as it falls from the ash-carts. This is also done by Italians, and it is dirtier and more offensive work than the other, because the trimmers must constantly endure a cloud of ashes and the bad odor of the other waste as well. For the privilege of supplying these trimmers an Italian contractor pays something like $10,000 a year. The city pays nothing to the men, who are on the contractor's pay-roll, and who make his profit for him by picking out of the mounds of barrel contents all the riffraff of the city which can be sold and worked over anew or into some product of economic science.

It is these trimmers whose homes the writer has sketched. To enter one of these strange habitations the curious visitor must first climb over a great hill of empty fruit, vegetable and fish tins or cans, must pick his way between heaps of old iron and piles of bottles, among bags of rags and waste paper, hillocks of bones and strange assortments of glass, leather, metal, and, in fact, whatever there is that is not utterly worthless, or what was not destroyed when once used. All day long these trimmers, each with a basket or pail by his side, sort out the odds and ends that their employer can sell. The bones are said to bring the most money. They come back to New York in the shape of animal charcoal for use in distilleries and sugar refineries, as toothbrush handles, buttons, paper-cutters and a thousand-and-one things. The metal is melted into bars for use again, the rags and the paper become new paper and the bottles are cleaned and used once more. What the delvers are paid is the contractor's secret. What jewelry, pocket-books, loose coin and little portable valuables they find are their gains.

At noon the men quit the refuse heaps and eat their luncheons in the cabins arranged under the dumps. Some of them have their wives in the cabins, turning these ill-favored spots into something more like homes than the mere bunkers in which the single men live, eating dry bread and whatever comes already cooked and sleeping either on old bedding, looking as if it had been rescued from the refuse, or on rags that certainly have been so obtained. Where there are women there are stoves and attempts are made, with shelves and a cot or two and plates and knives and even little lithographs, at home-like efforts and comfort. In most of these dumps there are no women. In others the sleeping-places are mere conveniences, since the men are reported to have homes and families in the Italian quarter, to which they sometimes go.

The dumps are whitewashed frequently by these same Italians who live under them; and the clerk at one dump said that the Health Board inspectors come every now and then to see that nothing injurious to health is permitted to lie about the premises.

"And does the Health Board permit men and women to live in such places?"

"In such places!" the clerk repeated, in unfeigned surprise. "Why, many a family in Fifth avenue might well envy those people. They have no sewer gas, no unwholesome tainted air of crowded neighborhoods, no bad plumbing, no unhealthful surroundings of any sort. One side of their home is open to the pure air that blows over the river and the running water is beneath them. Sickness may be said to be unknown among those who do the work around the dumps." It is to be hoped that the Italians who can not speak, in English, for themselves, are as well pleased with their surroundings.

It would naturally occur to any one who had not investigated the subject that the waste of a great city like New York must be enormous. Where so many persons are gathered even the extravagant and prodigal few, as they must be in this working world when compared with the whole population, comprise a great many in a city of a million and a half. But it is not the folly of these few that one would imagine to be the chief source of the great waste of the city so much as the accumulated trifles of surplusage and refuse that amount to little when the contribution of a single person or even of a household is concerned, but that must form a little mint of value when all is put together. Think of the veriest trifles, the pins or the nails, for instance, that are thrown away, dropped by accident, swept out in house-cleaning, or that are in one way or other lost by those who bought them and yet that are either good for the uses for which they were made, or because of the metal that they are made of and that keeps its value when the implement itself is useless!

But how different the fact is! Waste there is, and great waste, despite the philosopher's assertion that "nothing is lost in the universe"; but the waste we speak of is rather in the villages and smaller cities than in the great ones such as New York. Take as many towns of ten thousand inhabitants as are necessary to form the number of people that New York contains, and then you will actually have something like the wanton destruction of property that one naturally credits to the Empire City, but in that city you find the subject of waste interesting a class of citizens who devote themselves to thriving upon and at the same time preventing it. It would not pay a store-keeper on Eighth avenue to sell the bones that go as refuse from his table at home, or to hoard the fat his house-keeper discards from the butcher's meat, or to gather the waste pins, buttons, rags, bits of papers, or odds and ends of metal that find their way into his ash barrel. At the end of a year he would have a few barrelfuls of trash of such a miscellaneous character that he would have to find a dozen different sorts of dealers to rid him of it, and from each he would obtain only a few cents at the most. So it is with the cities of ten thousand inhabitants; it does not pay any one in them to save the combined refuse of all. The mountain of New York's waste, on the other hand, is so commanding that it attracts the attention of the economical, the ingenious, the unfortunate, and those whom nature seems to have designed as grovelers. They swarm upon its top and sides, and while they delve and pick into and at it, they find it grows beneath them, and gives them constant occupation and profit as well.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Sunday-School teacher—Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elasped. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling knowingly), you may tell us what it is. Annie—We've all got our winter hats!—*Harper's Bazar.*

FORMING ACQUAINTANCE.

How Two Strange Boys Learn to Take an Interest in Each Other.

When two strange boys come together they proceed to get acquainted something after this fashion:

"What's yer name?"

"Tommy Crupper. What's yourn?"

"Dickey Tabbits. Wot's yer dad's name?"

"Ole Dan Crupper, an' the dog's name's Sniff. Is yer dog yaller?"

"Nope; he's spotted an' wears a collar. Got a knife to trade?"

"Yep; but I lost it. When I find it I'll swap you. Watchy read in?"

"Third Reader. Lus trade hats."

"I dassent; my pap don't 'low me. My feet's the biggest."

"Well, I chawed terbacker onest."

"That's nothin'. I saw three dogs fightin' at one time."

"I was in swimmin' six times in one day a'ready."

"I had two teeth pulled las' week."

"That's nothin'. I cut my fingers most every day, an' our hired gal 'most burnt her head off las' night."

"That's no great sight. A robber broke into our house one time, an' my pap's got a brother in jail."

"Well, that ain't much. My ma's got a sister with a glass eye, an' our baby's got four teeth an' a lump on its head what makes it cry all the time. Can your father play the fiddle?"

"May be I ain't got a brother who can turn a han'spring an' walk on stilts. Why don't you brag?"

"Who's a-braggin'? I wouldn't be a blowhard."

"Don't you call me that, or I'll——"

"You will, will you?"

"Yes, I will!"

"No, you won't!"

"I will!"

"You won't!"

"Will—will—will!"

"Won't—won't—won't!"

"Touch me, if you dare."

"Don't you pucker your mouth at me, or I'll smash yer nose."

"If I was a girl I'd wear a dress."

"Wait till I ketch you some time, an' I'll lick you till you can't walk."

"Put a chip on your shoulder an' I'll knock it off."

"No, you won't!"

"Yes, I will!"

"You won't, either!"

"I will if you dare me to."

"Well, I dare you, an' anybody't won't take a dare'll steal sheep. There it is, smarty, an' now let's see what'll you'll do." * * *

The next instant both boys are rolling in the dust, pulling hair and trying to chew each other's ears. From this time on they consider themselves well acquainted and take a friendly interest in each other.—"*Lige Brown*," *in Chicago Ledger.*

WAR VESSELS.

Huge Iron-Clads Not Always Desirable—The Reorganization of Our Navy.

Some of our most experienced naval officers believe that the immense war vessels of the present day will prove inefficient in action, because they are cumbersome and in some instances unmanageable. There has been as great a change in the armament and the means of handling vessels as in the construction. The two main points that are to be kept in view in constructing a war vessel are speed and ease in maneuvering. Closely connected with these requisites is the ability to secure a fore and aft fire, so that the guns may be used with effect both in approaching and running away from an enemy. The shape of the war vessels has changed as the motive power changed. In the old days of the galley, when the vessels were propelled by oars, the bow was made sharp for running purposes. When sails came into vogue the shape of the bow was changed, for it was no longer possible to ram. The whole dependence in an attack was upon the broad side. Now that steam is recognized as the motive power the bow has again changed to a ram, and the old broadside is not the sole dependence in a naval engagement, for there is the fore-and-aft fire. The twin screw idea is a most valuable one. If one screw should break, two-thirds the usual speed could be made with the remaining one, which would be much preferable to sails. Men-of-war are fitted out with sails only to save coal and to have a last resource in case of any great exigency.

"Our navy is behind the times," said a well-known officer. "It can never keep near first place until there is a radical change. The personnel of the navy must be reorganized, and the Navy Department must be reorganized before the service can amount to anything. The pernicious system of rank by seniority will have a tendency to smother all ambition as long as it is in vogue. When an officer feels that by waiting for the death of those who have been in the service longer than he has he will attain just as much rank and be just as well off in every way as if he labors hard, there is no incentive for hard work and improvement. Other countries of much more experience than ours have done away with advancement by seniority, and it is to a certain extent a dead letter in our own army. It is time we learned something of those who are wiser than we are. By a radical organization alone can the navy be properly and substantially built up as it should be. As it is now we are nothing. The service is but little better than its ships. One good war vessel is all any country needs to give us a sound thrashing. We have now no vessels to oppose it. Our wooden hulks would be but toys before a modern man-of-war, and the monitors which lie in the James River would be run over as if they were not in the way. The time will come, if something is not done, when we will pay in indemnity many times the cost of building a navy now."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

QUEER MONEY.

How the Brazilians Startle Their Unsophisticated Visitors.

The form of money used in Brazil is a great perplexity to travelers, and it seems to be absurd that so large a Nation, engaged in such a great commerce, should employ a standard of value equal to the 20th part of a cent. All the commercial and financial transactions of Brazil are reckoned by reis, and 1,000 reis are worth intrinsically 54 cents, but the value of the paper money is so depreciated that this sum is now worth only about 27 cents. All the accounts rendered by your butcher, baker or banker are in this form, and the number of figures and ciphers involved in ordinary transaction is apt to startle an unsophisticated visitor.

For example, if you go into a restaurant and order a dinner lunch and are presented a bill for 10,000 reis or 20,000 reis you are pretty apt to make some expression of astonishment, but when you calculate that the 20,000 reis only represent about $7, the feeling of excitement is somewhat overcome. But imagine the book-keeper of a commercial house who does a business of two or three million dollars a year.

There have been several attempts to change the standard of value of Brazilian money in order to simplify book-keeping and relieve the strain upon the mathematical abilities of the people, but nothing can induce them to leave the old Portuguese system.

The currency now is almost entirely paper, bank bills issued by the Government and irredeemable. The notes of this kind now outstanding amount to $122,000,000. The total amount of gold coin issued up to 1884 was $25,000,000; silver, $10,00,000; nickel, $8,000,000; and copper, $1,500,000. There is no gold coin in circulation, and very little silver. All the foreign trade is conducted in pounds, shillings and pence. About the only paper the banks use is bills on London. The Parliament has not restricted the issue of paper-money, but a conservative policy has been followed and Brazil has always been punctual in the payment of its public debt.—*Rio Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A Chapter in Favor of This Much-Abused Personage.

The typical American mother-in-law is the ideal mother-in-law. She is affectionate, kind and reasonably indulgent to her son-in-law, as she is devoted to her children, hoping to rear and train them in the way they should go, and in sickness being very often at once physician, nurse and administering angel. There are few deserving sons-in-law in this country who have not an angelic mother-in-law, and to the credit of most Americans be it said that the mother-in-law is generally the recipient of a filial affection only second to that rendered to one's own mother. Every man almost looks upon his mother as being worthy of the highest seat in heaven, and blessed is he (and there are many such men) who can in their heart feel that his mother-in-law is entitled to a seat by her side.

"Worthy and dutiful sons-in-law make loving and sweet-tempered mothers-in-law." This rule holds good in nine cases out of ten, and certainly that fact makes it a pretty good one. It would be well for every young man who is about to take upon himself the important and happy relation of son-in-law to write the above rule on the tablet of his memory, and redouble the joys and lighten the sorrows of life by so conducting himself as to be at once and for all time deserving of the love and confidence of the mother of the wife of his bosom.—*Philadelphia News.*

—It costs something to be English. A pair of English shoes, hideous in appearance and rough in finish, often represents, duties included, an expenditure of twenty dollars or more.

THE SAME MAN.

How a Runaway Confidential Clerk Entertained a Rural Detective.

Some time ago a confidential clerk in the employ of a firm in Indiana skipped the gutter with several thousand dollars in ready cash. While it was determined to hunt him down at all hazards, the firm did not feel like wasting a great deal of money in so doing. A one-horse country detective was therefore employed, and after awhile he traced his man to Detroit. The detective didn't propose to share any of the glory with the Detroit officers, and he slid around for a week before he learned that his man was in Windsor. Then he went over there, still working on the quiet, and a nice young man at one of the hotels informed him that the defaulter had just gone to Toronto, but would be back in a few days. The pair became fast friends, and the nice young man had his daily drinks and cigars at the detective's expense. The two came over to Detroit and attended the theater and had good times, and it was the opinion of the officer that he never met such a nice young man. Finally, a night or two ago, as they landed from the boat on the other side, the detective inquired:

"You must be an agent of some sort?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I am simply traveling for pleasure."

"Where do you live when at home?"

"In Indiana."

"Why, I'm from Indiana!"

"Yes, you told me so the first day."

"Whereabouts in Indiana?"

"Vincennes."

"Good gracious! but my home is only three miles from Vincennes."

"Yes, I know."

"What did you do in Vincennes?"

"Clerked for Lath & Shingles."

"What! Why, that is the very firm that was robbed!"

"Yes, I know," was the placid reply.

"And your name is—what?" queried the detective.

"William Green!"

"Great Scott! but you are the chap who stole the money!" howled the officer.

"Yes, certainly! What are you going to do about it?" calmly replied the nice young man, as he lighted another fifteen center.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IN THE MINING CLASS.

A Half Hour in the Mining Department of Reno University.

In the new State University, at Reno, it appears that there is to be a mining department—a chair in mining, with a professor in it. It is thought that this will be of great benefit. Just how much the professor knows about mining I have not been able to learn. A mining chair with Colonel F. F. Osbiscent, John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, W. H. Patton, Lou Hamilton or Hank Smith in it would no doubt be one that would go to the bedrock; but as to the proposed professor I fear he will merely skirmish about the surface. We may imagine some such scene as this:

Professor—First class in mining stand up. Now, what is syenite?

First boy—It is a rock that would be granite if it contained mica in the place of hornblende.

Professor—Correct. Now what is granite?

Second boy—It is a rock that would be syenite if it contained hornblende instead of mica.

Professor—Correct. What is diorite?

Third boy—It is syenite with the quarts of syenite left out.

Professor—Quite right. What is a shaft?

First boy—A tunnel stood on end.

Professor—Right. What is a tunnel?

Second boy—A shaft lying on the flat of its back.

Professor—Quite correct. What is an incline?

Third boy—It's a hole in the ground that would be a shaft if it stood straight up, and a tunnel if it lay flat down.

Professor—Quite right, but it would have sounded more scientific had you used the words "vertical" and "horizontal." Now, what is an uprise?

Fourth boy—It is a kind of shaft in which the sinking is done from the bottom upward.

Professor—Right. What is a crosscut?

Fifth boy—It is a kind of a drift that taps water where it was expected to cut into ore.

Professor—Quite correct. You may now all report yourselves at headquarters in San Francisco for the first vacancies that occur in the Superintendency of Mines that are taking in regular assessments.—*Dan De Quille, in N. Y. Graphic.*

—The New York *World* says Mary Anderson "moves in great curves and speaks in open diapasons." If Mary is a steam-whistle mowing-machine in disguise the country ought to know it.—*Indianapolis Herald.*